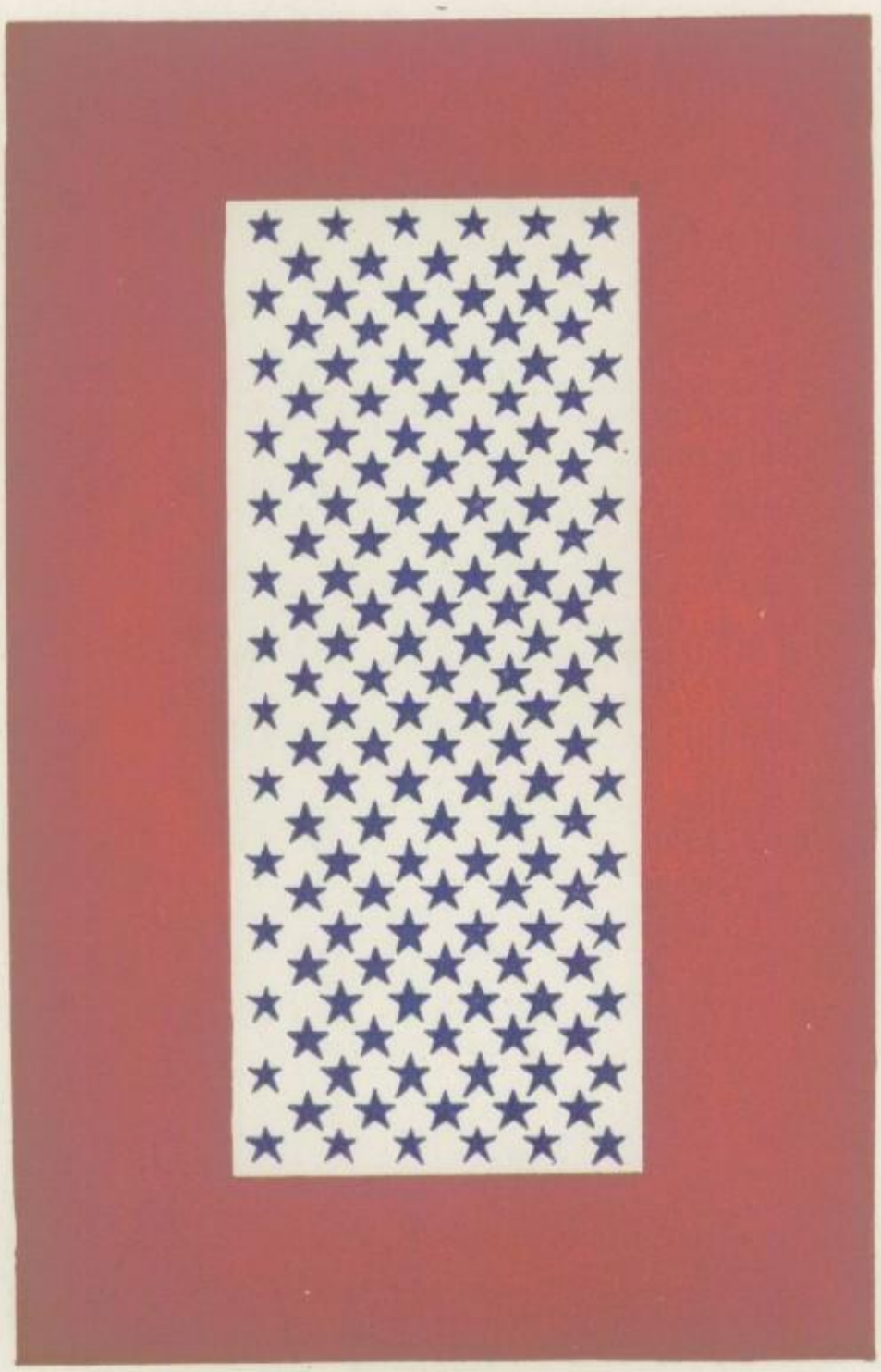
The Gammadion

1919

THE

GAMMADION



Alumnis et Discipulis

Huius Scholae

Qui Universam Sub Libertate Pacem Petierunt

Per Justum Bellum

Terra et Mari et Caelo

Hic Liber Annalis

Grate Dedicatur

A Plea for Leniency

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

MAY it not be so with us who have toiled diligently to make this Gammadion worthy of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen. Our success you will mete out to us. If in the future, by your own firesides, you glance through these pages and smile as you live over again the days so happily spent in the Westfield High School, we shall not have labored in vain.

THE EDITORS

WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
HONOR NON HONORES
1855

THE FACULTY

HERBERT W. KITTREDGE
Greek

ELIZABETH F. ATWOOD — *Shorthand*

THOMAS W. BOWLER — *Latin*

LUCINDA C. BRAISTED — *Business Subjects*

CLAIRE M. BREZEE — *Vocal Culture*

NELLIE I. BUTTON — *English*

DENNIS M. COLE — *Physics, Chemistry*

GEORGE U. EASTMAN — *Bookkeeping*

WINIFRED W. FISKE — *History, English*

ANNA M. GOODNOW — *Latin, Geometry*

LINDA GRAVES — *Mathematics*

MARGARET HARRIS — *Zoology, Botany*

EDWARD R. HAWLEY — *Music*

HARRIET M. HOFFMAN — *Business Subjects*

MARY S. JACKSON — *English*

FAYE M. KEENE — *German, English*

FLORENCE E. LONG — *Typewriting*

IDA M. LYONS — *Vocal Culture*

WILNA V. MARSHALL — *French*

ELLSWORTH H. PLUMER — *Drawing*

FLORENCE E. PLUMER — *Drawing*

SARAH E. RIDLON — *History, English*

RUTH H. WHITE — *Elocution*

ELIZABETH YEATES — *Literature, English*

ACADEMIC SENIORS

ABELL, BEATRICE ELIZABETH 16 Dudley Avenue

Girls' Basketball (2), Pin Committee (3), Usher Graduation (3), Glee Club (3) (4)

mrs. Hartwell
mrs. Ralph Mason

BARTLETT, FREDERICK SHELDON 11 Day Avenue

Vice President (2), Usher Senior Prom (2), Secretary (3), Athletics Editor Herald (4), Host Junior-Senior (4)

Head

BEST, FREDERICK WESLEY 128 Elm Street

Sleighride Committee (1) (4), Sergeant-at-arms (3), Picnic Committe (3)

Died

BRODEUR, PAUL EVANS 8 Mill Street

Dead

BURKE, HELEN MAE 10 Crown Street

Died

COCKLE, ESTHER WILHELMINA

Hill

34 East Silver Street

Motto Committee (3)

Dead

COE, ALICE EVELYN 54 Jefferson Street

Historian (2), Vice President (3), Secretary (4), Prophetess (4)

Mrs. Parsons

CRANE, WILLIAM PATRICK 20 Highland Avenue

President (1), Junior-Senior Committee (3), Business Manager Herald (3) (4), Historian (3) (4), Constitution Revision Committee (4)

Died

DEPOPOLO, NICHOLAS 12 North Elm Street

Sleighride Committee (1), President (2) (3), Junior-Senior Committee (3), Baseball (3), Basketball (3) (4), Captain Basketball (4), Literary Editor Herald (4), Constitution Revision Committee (4)

died

DEVINE, TIMOTHY JOSEPH 34 Allen Avenue

Motto Committee (3), Decorating Committee Graduation (3)

died

EVANS, MARY AGNES — 7 Noble Street

Statistics Committee (5)

1918

Smith

FOWLER, DORIS ELMA — Hillside Road

GORDON, HELEN STEVENSON — 117 Franklin Street

Historian (4)

Keeley

GREENE, FRANCES ELIZABETH — 62 Orange Street

Orchestra (2) (3) (4)

Did

HAMER, DOROTHY CAMPBELL — 30 King Street

Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Banner Committee (2), Colors Committee (2), Decorating Committee Junior-Senior (3), Decorating Committee Graduation (3), Year Book Committee (4), Gammadion Staff (4), Poetess (4)

Sorrento

HOLZINGR, JOSEPH FREDERICK 7 George Street

Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4), Treasurer (4)

HUBBARD, DOROTHY WINIFRED 53 Church Street

Banner Committee (2), Glee Club (3) (4), Vice President (4)

Dead
Mrs Paul Babey (2)
Vaughn (1)

KANE, EDWARD ANTHONY 7 Lewis Street

Soccer (3), Secretary (3), Decorating Committee Junior-Senior (3), Baseball (3), Usher Graduation (3), Basketball (4)

KEEFE, ALICE FRANCES 8 West Silver Street

Girls' Basketball (2) (3), Picnic Committee (3), Glee Club (3) (4), Sleighride Committee (4), Prophetess (4)

Mrs. Gorham 13 Noble

KENNEY, ORTA MANTOR 52 King Street

Buckland Dead

KENYON, JOSEPHINE MAY — 7 Woronoco Avenue

Historian (1), Sleighride Committee (1), Statistics Committee (4)

Mrs Little

KLAR, MARION BURGE — 8 Dudley Avenue

Glee Club (3)

Mrs Whitcomb
Mrs Charles P Kelps
Died

LINCOLN, KENNETH GIBBS — Mundale, Mass.

Dead

MAYOR, MELBA LOUISE — 14 Allen Avenue

mrs Lotherington dead

MCGRATH, WILLIAM GEORGE — 6 George Street

Died

MILLER, IRENE SYLVIA 51 Holland Avenue

Girls' Basketball (3), Junior-Senior Committee (4)

Dead

NELSON, HAZEL LOUISE Granville Road

Treasurer (3), Glee Club (3) (4)

Mrs. Pendleton

Dead

NOONAN, JAMES FRANCIS 49 Mechanic Street

PALLO, JOHN 24 Cross Street

Vice President (2), Picture Committee (2), Soccer (3), Banner Committee (3), Baseball (3), Junior-Senior Committee (3), Usher Graduation (3), Exchange Editor Herald (3) (4), Basketball (3) (4), President (4)

X

PALMER, HAROLD ALONZO 20 Fowler Street

Dead 1968

POMERANTZ, MINNA — 38 Orange Street

Sleighride Committee (2), Picnic Committee (3)

POMEROY, LUCY ROOT — East Main Street

Brodeur
dead

POTTER, MURIEL DORIS — 21 Hancock Street

Sleighride Committee (2), Treasurer (2), Pin Committee (4), Sergeant-at-arms (5), Hostess Junior-Senior (5), Statistics Committee (5), Composer Class Song (5)

Mrs. Depofolo

RICE, DOROTHA LOUISE — 30 Bush Street

Glee Club (4) (5)

RING, GORDON CLARK — 32 Jefferson Street

Sleighride Committee (2), Decorating Committee Graduation (3), Year Book Committee (4), Gammadion Staff (4)

Dead 1977

ROACHE, BERNARD FRANCIS Granville, Mass.

Vice President (1), Secretary (2), Motto Committee (3), Constitution Revision Committee (4)

SADIK, HARRY BENJAMIN 4 Belmont Street

Soccer (3), Orchestra (3) (4) (5), Sergeant-at-arms (4), Picnic Committee (4), Sleighride Committee (5)

died

SIME, LEAH RUTH 30 Hampden Street

Dead

SMITH, GLADYS IRENE 116 Western Avenue

Mrs. Greer - Florida
Largo

Dead

TAYLOR, RUTH GWENDOLYN 82 South Maple Street

Colors Committee (3), Glee Club (4) (5)

Mrs. D. Roberts

UNGETHUEM, RUTH EMILY — 17 Avery Street

Treasurer (1), Girls' Basketball (2), Picture Committee (2), Vice President (3), President (3), Alumni Editor Herald (3). Glee Club (3) (4), Locals Editor Herald (4)

mrs Harold Bein

VIETS, MARION — 18 Avery Street

Girls' Basketball (2) (3), Pin Committee (3), Decorating Committee Junior-Senior (3), Year Book Committee (4), Gammadion Staff (4)

BUSINESS COURSE SENIORS

BERGMAN, HELEN GRACE 12 Princeton Street

dead

BREW, FLORENCE AGNES 21 Montgomery Street

Mrs Bill Welch
Died 1972

CARLSON, EVA ELIZABETH 27 East Silver Street

Mrs Dewey

D'ALESSIO, FRANK 49 Taylor Avenue

Decorating Committee Graduation (2)

dead

DURKIN, MARGUERITE KATHERINE Ryan

8 Westminster Street

Usher Graduation (2), Usher Senior Prom (2), Glee Club (3)

dead

EMERSON, KATHRINA PEARL 15 Madison Street

Glee Club (3) (4), Statistics Committee (4)

Dead
Mrs. Ed. Boyle

FERRIS, GERTRUDE MARTHA Baulne Wyben, Mass.

FERRITER, GRACE ALDEN Fogarty Carey 10 Lincoln Street

Secretary (1), Decorating Committee Graduation (2), Vice President (3), Statistics Committee (3)

GIBBONS, THOMAS EDWARD 12 Ford Avenue

Baseball (2) (3), Sergeant-at-arms (3) (4), Entertainment Committee Athletic Association (3) (4), Sick Committee Athletic Association (4), Year Book Committee (4), Gammadion Staff (4), Pin Committee (4)

Dead

HAMMOND, DOROTHY EMELINE 15 Allen Avenue

Prophetess (3)

Dead

HAWKINS, SUSAN MAY Woronoco, Mass.

Head

KISSEL, STACIA ANNA Hobday Shea 5 Fowler Street

Head

LAMB, HUGH AUGUSTUS 37 School Street

Second Basketball (3) (4), Pen Pictures (4)

Died

LONG, ELLEN ELIZABETH 19 Belmont Street

Mrs. Irv. Gayler

Head - Calif.

PALMER, STEPHEN ALONZO Upper Franklin Street

81 Mountain View Court St.

PLOURD, BEATRICE MAY — Southampton Road

Dead

POMERANTZ, GLADYS LIBBIE — 38 Orange Street

Constitution Committee (1), Treasurer (2) (3), Historian (3)

REDMOND, ALICE MAE — 109 North Elm Street

Mrs. Aleksak
Falco

RICE, JENNIE LOUISE Clark — 8 Bates Street

Glee Club (1) (2) (3), Year Book Committee (3), Gammadion Staff (3)

dead

RUSSELL, WILLIAM NATHAN — Montgomery Road

Statistics Committee (3)

RYAN, ANNA KATHERINE 93 Orange Street

Usher Graduation (3), Usher Senior Prom (3)

Dead

SAFFER, HARRY 92 Franklin Street

Prophet on Prophetess (4), Pin Committee (4)

Dead

SAMBORSKI, HELENA MADELINE Buynicki

21 East Bartlett Street

Died

SHEEHAN, THOMAS VINCENT 6 Sackett Street

Treasurer (1), Usher Graduation (1), Usher Senior Prom (1), Baseball (1) (2), Soccer (2), Captain Baseball (2), President (2) (3), Business Manager Herald (3)

Died

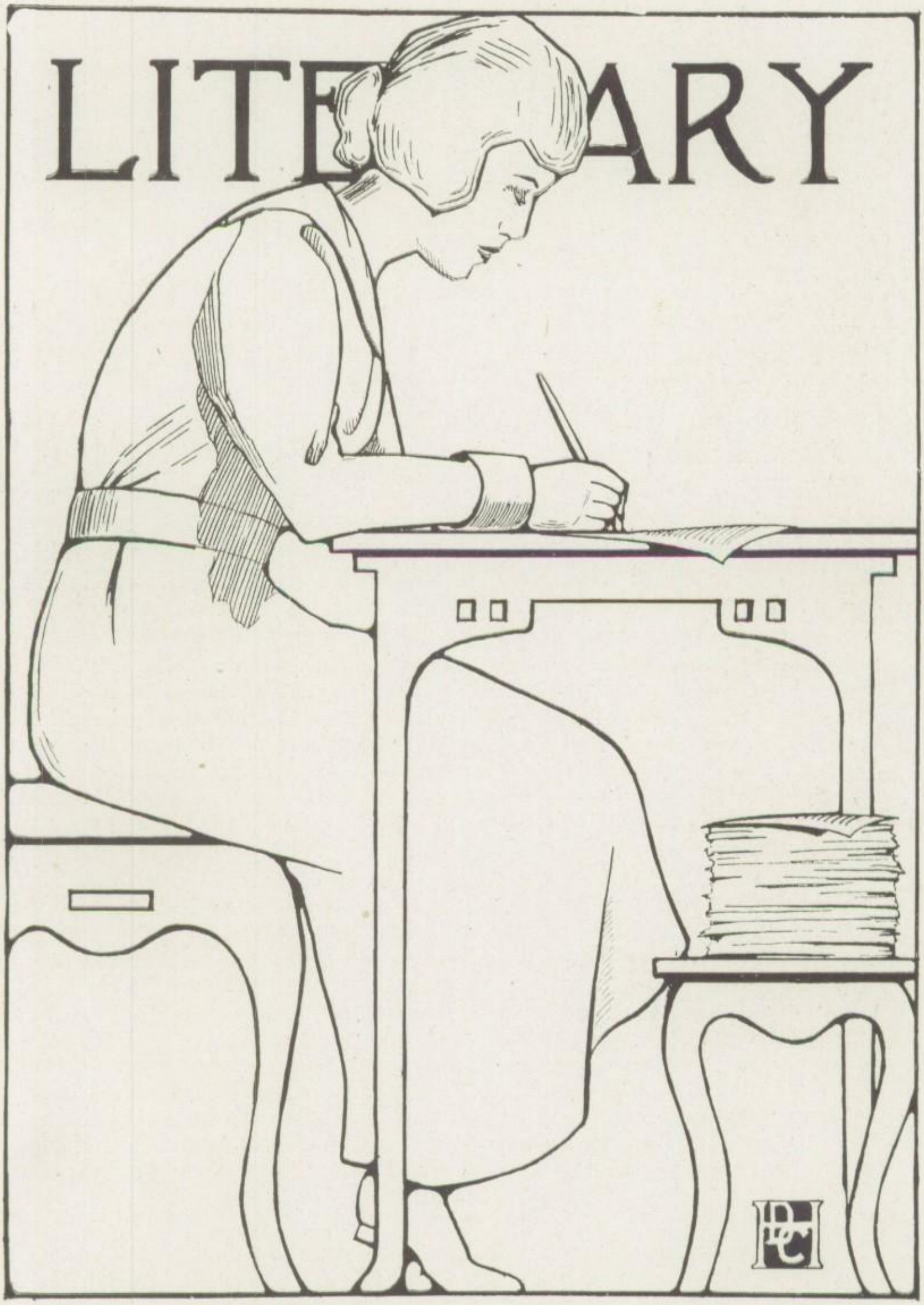
STIPEK, MARY ANNA 8 Williams Street

Mrs Harrington

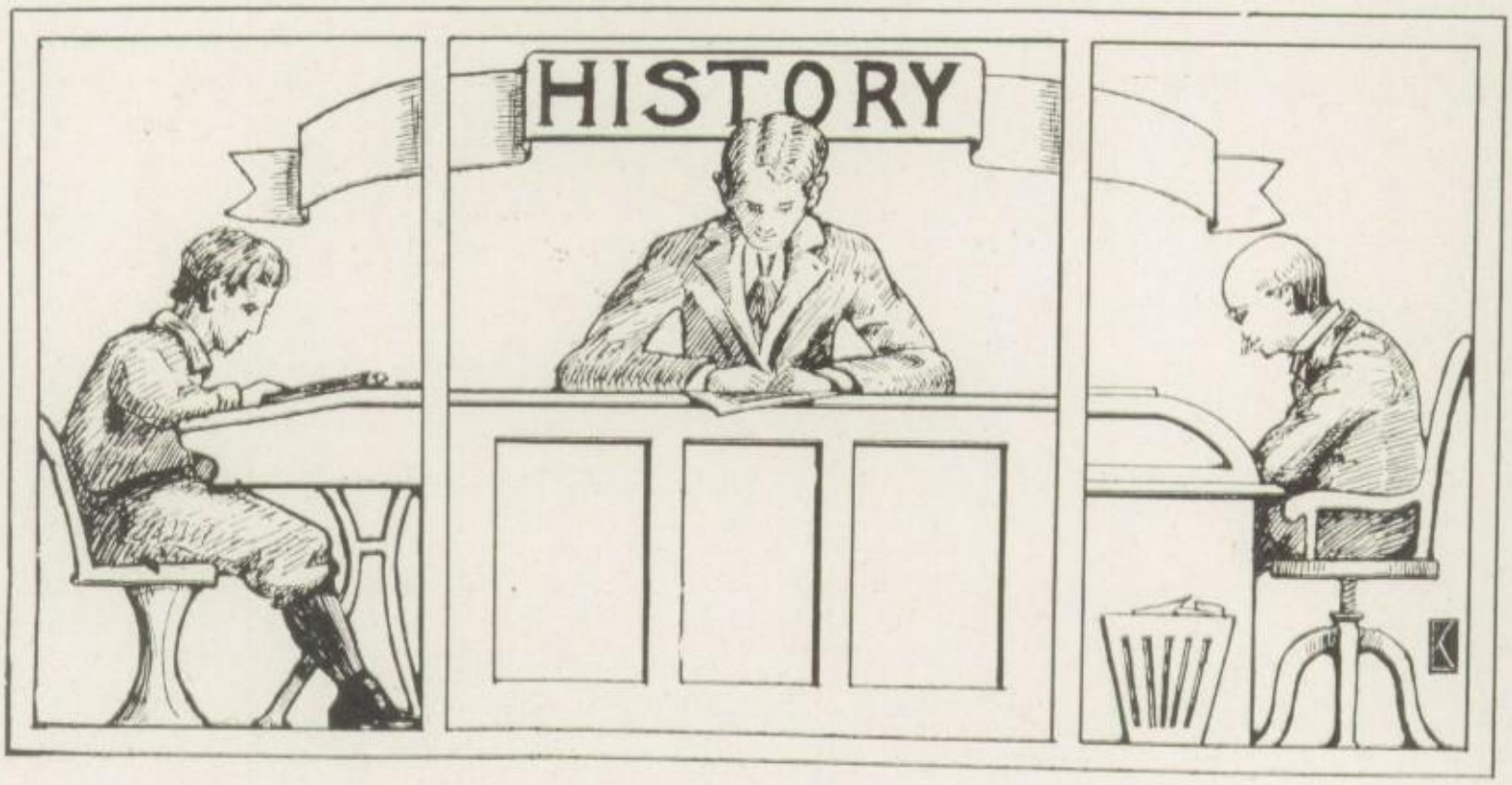
Mrs. Harry Simpson
SUNDBERG, RUTH 55 Orange Street
Secretary (2) (3)
Nursing Home
Dead

WOOD, FRANCES RUTH Golden 9 Oakdale Avenue
Pin Committee (3)

WYMAN, DORIS REED Hayden Blandford, Mass.
Pen Pictures (3), Will (3)


LITERARY

ACADEMIC COURSE



ON a beautiful morning in early September in the memorable year, 1915, fully one hundred students were headed towards the Westfield High School, each one escorted with due pomp and ceremony by a very knowing Sophomore. Upon entering this pretentious building, we took our first steps along the flowery path of knowledge. It must be stated here that the class of 1919 had, and has had since its early days, certain characteristics which some of the older pupils have been known to describe as Kelly "Green." I admit that we did not know exactly what hue that was nor what it signified; however, we made it definitely clear to them that we had one characteristic that stood foremost and that was to be "Abell." Besides we have for four years had in our class the "Best" boy.

At first it was a trifle difficult to navigate our way to the various ports, (classrooms), but by the aid of a good compass, known as a Sophomore whom we looked upon with great admiration (?), we overcame all obstacles, Juniors and Seniors. Since that time there has never been discovered a member of the class of 1919 loitering anywhere in the building. We were severely reprimanded for studying at recess periods, but this was a terrible misunderstanding on the part of the teachers. They readily asked our forgiveness when they learned that we were not doing our homework that we happened to forget to do the night before, but were so interested in Latin and Mathematics that we longed for recess to come so that we could study these adorable subjects all the more.

There have been times that we gave incorrect answers to the teachers' questions, purposely, for the reason that we wished to be "shacked" and to study in room 8 at 3 P. M. Somehow that room had special attractions for us at that mystic hour.

One morning in November in the year 1915, we were requested to remain in the Assembly Hall after the customary morning exercises. We were very much bewildered at this invitation, but soon regained our usual pose and demeanor when we were told that we were to have our first class meeting. After a spirited contest we finally elected our officers, who filled their positions in an able and dignified manner.

Affairs continued in their regular order until January arrived. We then held a class meeting to choose our class colors. It took two meetings before we finally decided upon red and white. Of course it was only to be expected that we should take so long, since our class is so remarkable. We immediately began to prepare for a sleighride. The arrangements with but one exception were perfected; our chaperons were not ready, consequently we had no sleighride.

The next and last exciting event of our Freshman year was that day in June when we marched proudly out of the building with report and promotion cards in our hands, failing to hear anyone who happened to call us Freshmen.

The following September when we started on our second year of high school life, we felt that there was very little more to learn, but after we were given our homework, we quickly changed our minds. The most important event was our class sleighride which took place in December. This year we arranged the sleighride perfectly, with no exceptions. Our chaperons were ready when we were. Eagerly we assembled at six o'clock in front of the high school to wait for the two busses which conveyed us to the town hall in Southwick.

The next duty of our class was to select a picture for the Junior room. This we did with great care and were finally rewarded with just the picture we wanted. Although there were but few events during our Sophomore year, we deemed it a most enjoyable time. At the close of the term we believed that, since we had become Juniors, we had much work ahead of us, nevertheless we resolved to spend our vacation as enjoyably as though we were Freshmen.

After a delightful two months' vacation we resumed our school duties in September, 1917. The following December the selection of class pins was called to our attention. With much discussion we decided upon pins similar to those of the class of 1918. After ages of waiting, so it seemed, the pins arrived during the Christmas vacation. Since then we have never failed to wear them.

From that time to the fifth of April we gave some attention to social functions. At first we wished to give a formal reception to the Seniors, but upon afterthought we realized the impossibility

of this. On account of the war we decided to hold a simple, informal reception. This proved a great success and everyone of us acknowledged that he had had the time of his life.

No other event pertaining to the class came up at the meetings until the beautiful month of June arrived. We must have a picnic; there was no getting out of it. At four o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, June eighteenth, we were on our way to Riverside Park. Each one had the whole sum of one dollar and a quarter in his pocket or in her pocketbook. We went with the understanding that we would not spend one cent more. A glorious time we had, even though some of us had the idea that the more money we spent, the better the time we could have. This was the last round of gaiety of our Junior year.

September ninth, nineteen hundred eighteen saw forty-one Seniors making a bee-line for room 4. It is true, we were filled with pride, but we had just reasons to be. Had we not worked the entire summer and earned two thousand, two hundred fifty-four dollars and forty-eight cents? How much fun it was to work, but how much more fun it was to go back to school! After only three weeks of school, on account of the Influenza epidemic, we were given another vacation of six weeks with the opportunity to work, not the kind that we were paid for, but of a different nature, homework.

On November eleventh, when school reopened, we eagerly went back again. In the afternoon of that memorable day of the signing of the Armistice we marched in the biggest parade that Westfield has ever known.

The next event of note was the preparation for a sleighride in February. Day after day we prayed for snow, but for some reason or other it failed to make its appearance. At last the class could stand it no longer and finally decided upon a strawride, or as the chairman of the committee preferred to call it a hay-ride. Since that time we have heard nothing pertaining to this event. We have since learned that we should not take such trifles to heart.

The class of 1919 will always be known as one of the most famous in the history of the Westfield High School, counting among its members, as it does, a Kane and an Abell, a Mayor, a Miller, a Potter, a Taylor, a Burke, a Lincoln, a great Devine, and a powerful Crane. No class has ever had, nor can any expect to have such a galaxy of distinguished personages. Its future will be even more glorious than its past.

HELEN STEVENSON GORDON

HERE now view the members of this famous class.
Let all take in fun what I say, as you pass.
I'd not hurt your feelings, for worlds, not a bit,
So don't bear a grudge for the joke or the hit.

With Beatrice Abell we'll now start our rhyme.
On myths she spends the best part of her time.
Her favorite hero "A-Pallo" is named.
Wherever she goes, he is sure to be famed.

Our Helen Mae Burke is a gay, noisy lass.
You really should hear her talk out loud in class.
She looks very shy, but you never can tell.
That looks are deceptive we know very well.

The horn in the orchestra Sadik well plays.
He oft helps to brighten our dullest of days.
For our high school paper he sure likes to write.
To be a great poet would give him delight.

You know Leah Sime is good natured and stout.
She talks and she talks, but she's never talked out.
She studies Biology and English "Lit."
Some sweaters and socks for the soldiers she's knit.

A farmer one wishes in our class to be.
The boy, Harold Palmer, you know it is he.
He notices all, tho' reserved and most shy.
That glint in his eye surely none will defy.

Of tall Gladys Smith tell me what shall I say?
Her lessons are all well preparèd each day.
So quiet is she and so trim and so neat.
Her true, sterling qualities you cannot beat.

To be out of doors seems to suit Josephine.
'Tween Hedges and Lane she is often seen.
French and Latin she studies, and in Glee Club sings.
Society she likes among other things.

Joe Holzingr aims to be neat as a pin.
Beau Brummell of our class he always has been.
He's everywhere useful, in kitchen and hall.
Our parties without him would not go at all.

We now come to one who will follow a trade.
To work as a "Taylor"—ess her plans are laid.
The boys, they all like her, so I've heard tell,
But on one, by name George, she has cast her spell.

Of Frederick Bartlett, our senior class host,
It's quite hard to tell where he excels most.
He is short and jolly, and has quite a way
Of liking the girls, if they're small, cute, and gay.

If solving hard problems in "Math" gives her joy,
Then Marion V's pleasure should never cloy.
A "Ring" of sincerity in her holds sway,
And each one approves her straightforward way.

She's small, very cute, and a teaser is "Mu."
You never can quite tell just what she will do.
She changeable is, as the zephyr that blows.
Yet everyone likes her, wherever she goes.

Quaint, fair Esther Cockle, the farmerette maid,
Since our Junior year in the High School has stayed.
Tho' she is most quiet, a student demure,
She is not afraid of the boys, I'm sure.

Our scholarly Nick's a chap we all like.
Through him we have oft times enjoyed a long hike.
'Tis true, that his trade is not chosen as yet,
But some on a "Potter" are willing to bet.

They're almost like twins, our Lucy and Paul.
They scarcely can part in the classroom or hall.
When schooldays are over, pray what will they do?
I know you can guess, so I'll leave it to you.

A most slangy maid is Miss Alice F. Keefe.
To prohibit slang, that would give her much grief.
She is fond of her music; she sings in the "Glee",
And, somewhere I've heard, is just gone on "Tommy."

Our William McGrath, when he plays basketball,
Is used pretty often to mop up the hall.
His favorite pastime, when in English class,
Is starting an argument to make the time pass.

Miss Dorotha Rice, how she does love to chat!
There is something quite wrong when she's not doing that.
I am very sure you agree well with me,
A social reporter she's fitted to be.

Here's James Francis Noonan, a boisterous chap.
With everyone else he is ready to scrap.
Whenever he walks up and down in our halls,
The windows all rattle and the roof almost falls.

Now here in the line comes our e'er "Reddy" Ruth.
She's always behaving her real "Best" in truth.
Some day by and by she's decided to be
A fine Red Cross nurse, but we'll wait and see.

A basketball fan is Gordon C. Ring.
No game would he miss, no, not for one single thing.
With all of the girls except "one" he is shy.
To talk with the rest of them he'll never try.

They say Helen Gordon, who quiet does seem,
When she is well known, deserves our esteem.
She is what I'd call a poetical maid.
To work hard on her lessons she's not afraid.

Oh, Frances can surely learn poetry, too.
She never forgets it, as some of us do.
She always is seen with a tall girl to go.
This girl, we all know her, is Evelyn Coe.

Now here's Orta Kenney, a bashful lad he.
What I say about him should not trouble me,
For he's so quiet I'm willing to say
Not to talk with a girl he'd go out of his way.

The roll of our class boasts a "Maid of Mundale."
Each morning she drives straight to school without fail.
We really do like her and I'll tell you why,
She can be relied on, she's modest and shy.

Along in the line comes F. Wesley Best.
To all our class meetings he lends a fine zest.
His talent I know, it is singing forsooth,
And the song that he sings is "Along Came Ruth."

As housekeeper, Marion Klar is most wise.
Her rare apple dumplings would win a first prize.
I know a trained nurse she hopes some day to be,
And she may, if we're ill, care for you or for me.

We have a "Coe"-worker with us as a rule.
She wears her brown hair in a long curl to school.
And she has been chosen to prophesy true
What someday will happen to me and to you.

Our Johnnie comes next with his cute little smile.
For whom? I'll not tell you. Just wait a short while.
But some of you really I know will "be able"
A certain young lady with this smile to label.

Another right here is a Miller you see.
We can "Sizer" up, just between you and me.
She's tall and she's jolly and she likes to fool.
She's ready to join all the fun in the school.

Miss Fowler comes to us from out Hillside way.
Last year she rode in an auto each day.
Now Henry, her chauffeur, to college has gone,
And Doris sure misses the honk of his horn.

There's one in our class 'most as small as Tom Thumb.
Perhaps tho', you'll think, I exaggerate some.
The art of pen pictures is right in his line.
This boy we call Timothy. He is "Devine".

She comes on the run, not a moment to spare.
But, some way or other, our Mary gets there.
I know by and by office work she will do,
For she's up and a-coming and brilliant too.

There is one who speaks with a soft Southern drawl.
She wears shell-rimmed glasses and is exceedingly tall.
Perhaps, you may know she's not able to sing.
Her name, altho' Melba, means not a thing.

As one mighty student we know William Crane.
He never missed school, not for snow nor for rain.
You scarce ever see him without a book,
And at any girl he'd not deign to look.

We come next to one who as Minna is known.
In studying Shorthand she really has grown.
Someday she will probably hang out her sign,
As Typewriting also is much in her line.

With Hazel rides Kenneth to school every day.
You see they both come from West Parish way.
He rushes about all his work to complete.
When questions need answers, he can't keep his seat.

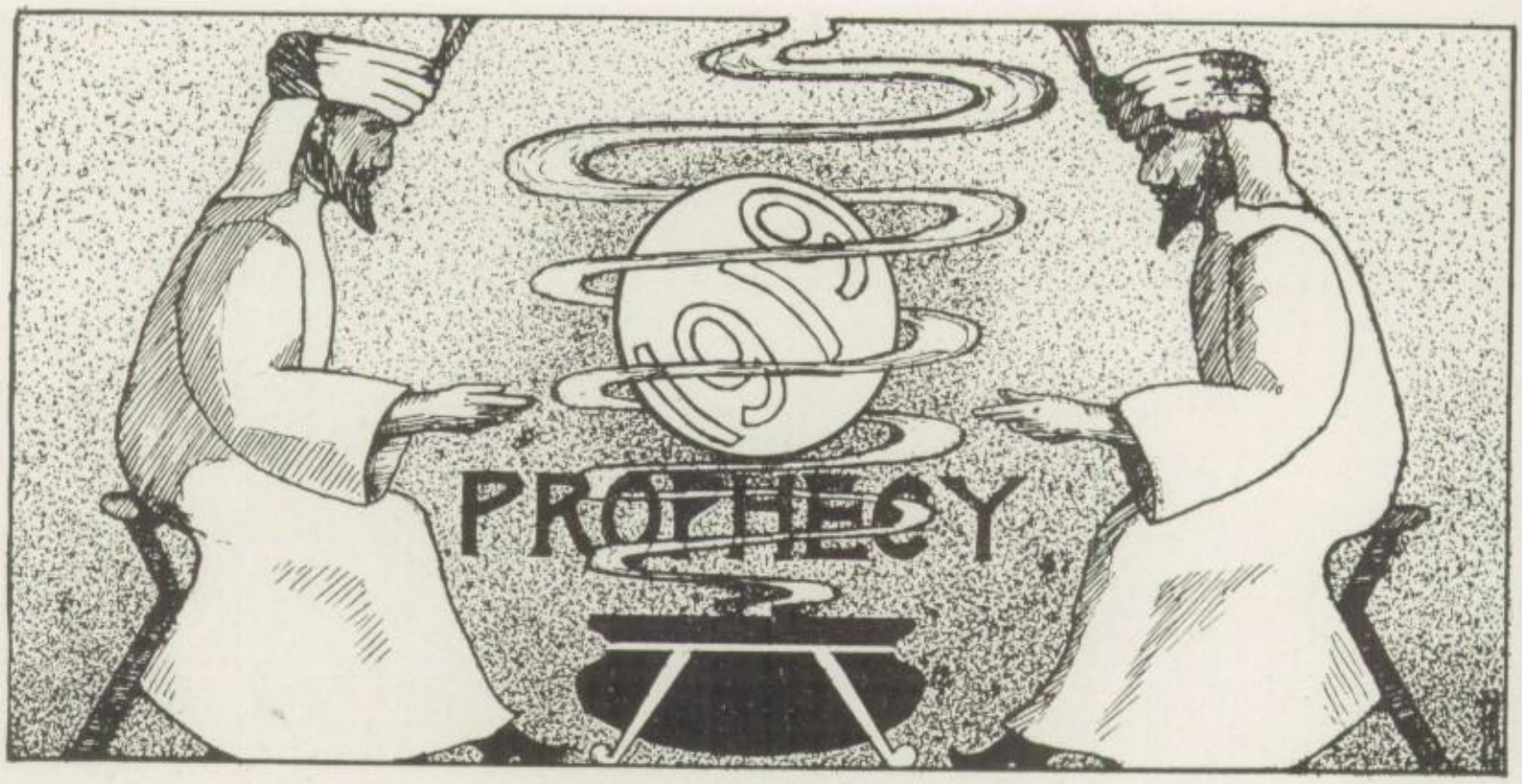
Fair Dorothy Hubbard our banner designed.
She sparkling eyes has and a manner most kind.
In Glee Club she likes every Wednesday to sing.
Her fingers are skillful in most everything.

I thought 'twas a judge as I saw him approach,
But on second look, why it's Bernard Roache.
I will tell you this, tho' he'll deny it,
You'll be sure to find he's ab-"normal"-ly quiet.

This is the real truth, tho' it seems like a fable,
To find in this noted class both "Cain" and "Abel."
Ed Kane is a joker, the boys all will say,
As "sub" on our basketball team he did play.

I've summed up the class. Some are large; some are small.
I've hit some quite hard; others scarcely at all.
In life as you journey, when schooldays are done,
Remember you will all your work and your fun.

DOROTHY CAMPBELL HAMER



IT WAS on a cool spring evening in France that my inspiration came to me. If it had not been for the meeting of an old classmate, I probably would never have thought of such an entertaining idea. On my journey through France, I was compelled to spend the night at a little way-side inn. As I sat down for my evening meal on the day of my arrival, my attention was suddenly attracted by the entrance of another guest of the inn. Goodness gracious!, I thought, who is that man? He looks familiar. Have I seen him before? We said "Good evening" in the customary French way. Silence reigned for a few moments after that first formal "Good evening", then he began to converse with the waiter.

"Garçon," he said, "est ce du café pur? Je veux du café français, et je dois être sur qu'il soit pur."

I listened in astonishment to the young man's words. He was certainly not a Frenchman with that pronunciation. Surely I had heard that voice before. Could I ever forget those French u's? I stared across the table at the dapper young man with the little, close-clipped mustache and the merry brown eyes.

"Well, 'Tim' Devine, what are you doing here?", I asked.

"You know me then?", he replied laughing.

"Not until you spoke. Your French u's gave you away."

"I might have known I never could conquer them", he returned. Then, in answer to my question, "I'm here on business. I'm traveling salesman for club-room fittings made by the Hampden Toy Company, Westfield. Ever heard of it?"

"Indeed, I have", I replied, "but I never knew that they made anything besides toys."

"Well, this is something new", "Tim" admitted. "I've been salesman only a year, but it has been such a success so far that I think I will follow it as my life work."

"Say, I've got something here that will make you sit up and take notice. How are these for headlines?" And he began to read:

Mr. John Pallo, Noted Greek Philosopher Weds Famous Doctoress of Noble Hospital Staff of Westfield, Massachusetts.

Then "Tim" stopped reading. "Well," he said, "there's really no need of my reading any more. You ought to 'B. Abell' to guess the name of the doctoress."

"Great!", I exclaimed. "Yes, I can guess. It was pretty bad even in High School. It's twenty-five years this June since we graduated. Are you going back this year for the two hundred seventy-fifth anniversary? I've got an inspiration. I'm going back home and find everyone in our class and see what he has been doing. I'm going for a time-table for Paris this very minute!"

"Good-by and good luck", said "Tim".

"Ditto", I replied, as I started on my way to the station.

I arrived at the station exhausted from my walk, and drummed emphatically at the window to attract the attention of the drowsy ticket agent.

"May I have a Paris time-table?", I demanded in a sharp and rather indignant tone.

"Oh, oh, to be sure", he replied. Then he stared at me, as if he had seen a ghost, and rubbed his eyes.

"Say, you're an American, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am", I snapped, "and in a mighty hurry to get back to America, too."

"No, no, don't hurry. You can't get a train for Paris until eight-thirty. I think I've seen you before. Say, you're not Evelyn Coe from Westfield, are you?"

"I certainly am," I replied, "and I know you now. You are 'Hap' Alonzo Palmer. I recognize you now. You haven't changed much,

but I was so angry about the time-table I didn't look to see to whom I was talking. Now that I know who you are, will you begin at the beginning and tell me all about yourself away off in this lonely little place? I'm looking up the class of 1919 to persuade them to come back home for the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary this June."

"Tell? What is there to tell about this lonesome place?", he replied somewhat scornfully. "I'm the whole show in this sleepy little station, telegraph operator, baggage man, ticket agent, janitor, and everything else. However, this is only a temporary position", he added more cheerfully. "They put me here to see if I knew enough about the railroad business to run it. After my eight weeks' term is ended, I go on as inspector of the railroad line from Petrograd to Vladivostok."

"That's fine," I exclaimed, "but you ought to take a vacation and go home to the two hundred and seventy-fifth before going away so far."

"Oh, by the way, I saw one of our classmates a while ago in Paris. I went to a pharmacist's to have a prescription put up and guess who waited on me."

"Not Minna Pomerantz!", I cried excitedly. "So, she has at last reached her aim in life, a pharmacist. I wonder which is the more appealing to her, the drugs or the white uniform."

"I couldn't tell as to that," replied "Hap", "but she certainly has one fine little shop and is making money judging from appearances."

Suddenly in the midst of our conversation, a long toot, toot, sounded in the distance.

"There's your train", said "Hap." "You'd better get your things together."

"Yes, yes I shall. Good-by. Don't forget the two hundred and seventy-fifth", I called after him, and boarded the train for Paris.

The train had been going at a rapid rate, when suddenly it slackened its speed, and came to a standstill on the outskirts of Paris. A conductor came through the train to announce that there had been an automobile accident on the track ahead, and we should probably be detained at least half an hour. At the word, accident, I noticed the person in the compartment next to mine get up quickly and go out. There was something familiar in the fleeting glimpse I caught of her, and I determined to follow her and find out, if possible, who she was. Down the track she went and I after her. At times I caught glimpses of a

starched white skirt and fluttering apron under the dark traveling cloak. As we neared the scene of the accident, she quietly made her way through the throng and I followed close upon her heels.

"Can I be of any help?", I heard her ask. Then I was startled. She slipped off her cloak and hood and bent down over the little lady who had apparently been thrown from the automobile when it smashed into the fence by the side of the track. With practiced skill this ministering angel, with the red cross on her sleeve and a fringe of red hair showing from under her white cap, revived the old lady and skillfully bound the bleeding arm.

"Is she badly hurt, mademoiselle?", asked the chauffeur.

"No, she isn't hurt much", answered the nurse looking up from her work. "Take her to my compartment in the train back there and she will be all right when she gets to Paris."

As soon as the little lady was comfortably settled, I went over and spoke to the nurse.

"Ruth, you are splendid!", I said. "You handled the situation wonderfully. Where did you ever learn it? Where are you bound for now?"

"Wait! wait a minute. You are taking my breath away", she said. "Let me look at you. Who are you? Why, I do believe you're Evelyn Coe of 1919. How did you ever get here?"

"Oh, I just came", I replied. "How about yourself?"

"Well, to begin with I taught school, but soon gave it up for this. I'm doing relief work for orphans and I think it's simply wonderful."

"I'm glad you like it," I replied, "but there's one person in Paris, I don't know whether he is an orphan or not, who doesn't seem to feel much relieved. I saw him in Paris when I was there and he looked as forlorn as a stray cat, but that was two years ago. Maybe Wesley is more cheerful now", I added thoughtfully.

"Oh, well, I've been over here only six months", she returned blushing furiously. "He is an interpreter in the Paris station now, you know. He says it's a great life and great fun trying to teach Americans French directions. He says he thinks he will stay in France forever."

"I should think he would want to", I remarked slyly.

"Do get sensible," returned Ruth, " and let me tell you all the news from home. I got a wonderful letter from Marion yesterday just full of news of 1919. She has a fine position now, Dean at Smith College. Helen Gordon is up there, too, teaching Literature and giving piano lessons. They seem to have wonderful times together, judging from their letters. She said Orta Kenney was there two weeks ago and gave a lecture on How to Run Reliable Jitneys from Westfield to Southwick. Very interesting! You didn't know he is one of Westfield's best orators, did you? When he doesn't have an oration to deliver, he runs the jitney.

"You know about the two hundred and seventy-fifth, I suppose. Are you going?"

"I couldn't miss it", I replied. "You must plan to come. Let's all be together once more."

Just then the conductor passed through the train shouting "Paris."

"Sorry I must leave you. Good-by and good luck, 'Ruthie' ", I said, trying to make myself heard above the roar of the train.

Hardly had I left Ruth, when I met some more old friends. In making my way through the throng at the station some one jostled me, and I in turn jolted the couple next to me. I turned to say "Pardon," when I was stopped by the truly Americanized French of the young man. I stared again, then said "Bonjour" to them. A light of recognition came into their faces.

"Well, Miss Hamer and Mr. Holzingr," I said coughing, "will you allow me to escort you to the waiting room and there tell me all about yourselves? I've got just fifteen minutes to spare, so please talk fast because I simply must hear all."

"I don't know how I can squeeze all the news I've got into fifteen minutes," returned Dorothy, "but I'll do my best."

She and "Joe" were both as good as their word. They told me everything. Dorothy had been all over the United States to try out her voice. She met "Joe" here in France and they decided to make it a company affair, whether for life or not, I do not know. "Joe" had been in a musical troupe, touring the continent some time before he met Dorothy. As their soprano had just resigned, it left a splendid opening

for Dorothy. Although she had had only two months of it, Dorothy had already fallen in love with the work. As for "Joe", he couldn't live without his fiddle.

"Well I must go, 'Dot', and thank....."

"Oh, you can't until you have heard about all the others", she exclaimed. "It won't take me a second to tell it and it's worth it. Muriel Potter is private secretary to the foreign ambassador from France. I forget his name. Can you imagine that?"

"Well, I can't believe it", I exclaimed.

"Oh, you won't have to long", answered "Dot." "Muriel has been the butterfly of the class all right. She has tried millinery, teaching, most everything but getting married. Maybe she will try that if 'Freddie' Bartlett makes a financial success as a lawyer, or 'Nick' Depopolo comes out winner in the world contest for dancers."

"Dorothy, you're crazy. Frederick Bartlett, a lawyer! 'Nick' Depopolo, a dancer!"

"Well, it's a fact", she replied laughing. " 'Freddie' is having fine luck. The last time I heard anything about his work, he was pleading the needs of W. H. S. students for a gymnasium, and Marion Viets wrote me that he won out.

" 'Nicky' is getting alone fine too. He soon tired of teaching Latin and started a dancing class. He is now the best dancing professor in the vicinity of Westfield. He has a large class at Columbia Hall every Saturday night and many people say Westfield will soon be too small for him.

"Marion also wrote me that 'Joe' Kenyon is a teacher of Domestic Science in a girls' college in Pennsylvania. 'Joe' always said she didn't care about college, you know.

" 'Bill' Crane has given up his wholesale grocery in Huntington and is now writing Latin text books. I guess the latter suited his dignity better than weighing sugar", remarked "Dot" slyly. "Oh, and since Mr. Cole's resignation, 'Ed' Kane has acted as athletics manager at W. H. S. He is also teaching Typewriting to the Freshies.

"And that's all I know", said Dorothy. "I seem to have completely exhausted my store of news, a thing I thought I never could do. But don't let 'Joe' and me keep you. I know you are in a hurry."

From Paris, until I reached my ship bound for New York, my journey was uneventful. Then I lost my baggage and, to secure it, was obliged to make a personal appeal to the captain.

Imagine my surprise on finding Kenneth Lincoln to be in command of this ocean liner. He told me all about his training in naval schools and that his goal was reached when given command of this ship. He also informed me that there was another member of 1919 aboard and I'd better look up this classmate, while he looked for my baggage. I then asked where I could find him.

"Oh, hanging over the rail probably", he returned with a grin. "He doesn't like salt water very well."

I went in search of the victim of sea-sickness and found him huddled in a steamer chair, wrapped in blankets.

"Hello, Harry Sadik," I said cheerfully, "what are you doing here? Making yourself miserable?"

"Bonjour", he answered smiling. "Yes, that's about the size of it! I took this charming job in the orchestra on this ship and never had such a time. If ever I get off this ship alive, my little horn and I will go back to the Boston Symphony and stay there, where I have been for the last five years."

"Oh, cheer up. It can't be as bad as that", I said laughing. "Tell me all about our classmates and forget your troubles."

"I've seen quite a number of our pals", said Harry getting interested. "I heard from Gordon Ring a while ago. You know he started a big wholesale grocery in Woronoco, Mass. and will be a millionaire before we know it. And you remember Marion Klar don't you? Well, she is still in Westfield teaching Sculpture at W. H. S. Her brother trained her for that and everyone thinks it is a great improvement to have this new department in the school. You can't guess whom I saw just before I left Boston. 'Jim' Noonan. I found out he lives right near me and he is the finest basketball coach in the city of Boston. His name is in all the papers."

"I'd like to see 'Jim' coaching", I said thoughtfully. Then I asked, "Have you heard anything about Lucy and Paul? Are they still carrying out the fifty-fifty plan?"

"The what?", demanded Harry puzzled. Then he laughed. "Oh, you mean the Year Book? The last I heard, Paul was taking his father's place at the Normal School and Lucy is saving his money for him. When that doesn't take up all her time, she fills the position of Superintendent at Noble Hospital, and they are wondering who will fill her place when she gets enough pennies saved.

"Oh, before I forget it, I want to tell you to stop in New York and hear that violinist everyone is crazy over. She is great", said Harry enthusiastically. "You'll never be sorry for going."

"Thanks", I replied. "I'll try to go. Good-bye until the two hundred and seventy-fifth", I added, as he rose to begin the evening's entertainment.

The second night in New York, I made up my mind to hear that musician Harry had told about, even if I had to go alone. I was walking slowly up East Thirty-Second Street, when I was suddenly stopped by an exquisitely gowned young woman, with the latest Paris creation in a hat. She extended a daintily gloved hand and said, "Why, how do you do, Evelyn? Don't you know me?"

In my joy and excitement at seeing an old friend, I dropped the bundles in my arms and held out both hands. "Why, of course I know you, Mary Evans. You are just the person I want to see. How did you come here?"

"Oh, I've been here for three years in the millinery business. Come and see my shop. It's just across the street. I've worked hard for all this," she said to me earnestly, "but I've got the effect I want now and it's a success, even if I do say it."

"Well, it certainly is", I exclaimed. "By the way, will you go to the Metropolitan tonight? I want to hear that great violinist they are so crazy over."

"Surely I'll go", returned Mary. "She is wonderful, especially because—."

"Because what?", I asked. "Mary Evans! I think you know something about her that you are not telling me."

That night Mary and I went to the Opera. Seated near the front of the Theater, the minute she came on the stage I got a good look at my violinist, and was so surprised I nearly fell out of my seat. "Mary, Mary", I whispered. "Can it be?" Mary only nodded and nudged

me to keep quiet and listen. I did listen almost spellbound and, when it was over, we both rushed around to the private entrance and gained admittance to her dressing room. "Frances Greene", I exclaimed. "You were wonderful."

"Oh, forget it", said Frances laughing. "Let's go somewhere and talk."

We spent the night at Mary's and had a wonderful time. Frances told us all about her life at the Conservatory of Music in Boston, her first hard beginning, and of her success as a famous violinist. To imagine shy, little "Francie" on the stage almost took my breath away. As for Mary, I wasn't so surprised. Didn't she always have the classiest hats of any girl in the class, and didn't she always have the first spring bonnet in January?

While on the New York Express to Springfield, I was musing upon what the girls had told me, when I was startled by the clear, rather high pitched voice of the lady in front of me.

"This train goes straight through to Springfield, doesn't it?", she asked the conductor.

"Yes ma'am. Gets there at ten to-night", he replied.

"Hum!", I said under my breath. "I know her." I reached over and tapped her on the shoulder.

"Hello, Melba", I said with a "Cheshire" grin. "Come back here where we can talk and be comfortable. Tell me all about yourself and all the others in 1919 you know about."

"Don't hurry me. We've got plenty of time", said Melba as she settled comfortably beside me. "I'm Principal of the Normal School in Southwick."

"Honest?", I questioned. "I didn't know Southwick had one."

"Oh, you are away behind the times", returned Melba. "They've had a Normal for four years now. I came down here to New York to get some advanced ideas on how to teach little tots not to chew their pencils."

"Did you get any?", I asked smiling.

"Oh, loads of them", she answered. "But come listen to what I have to tell you about our classmates. Did you hear that Doris Fowler had taken the fatal step?"

"No! Who is the lucky fellow?"

"Why, Henry Smith of 1918. Before this, she took a special course in Domestic Science, so she has a fine education with which to begin housekeeping.

"I have also heard about Esther Cockle, Ruth Taylor, Gladys Smith and Hazel Nelson. I'll take them in order so you won't get mixed up. Esther Cockle has started a hospital or sanitorium on the Granville hills for consumptives. She is making such a success of it that, it is feared by interested parties, she will drive the State Sanitorium into bankruptcy.

"Oh, and here is a thriller! Miss Ridlon's classes in Greek and Roman History are so large that she has to have an assistant and our friend, Ruth Taylor, is filling that position. Miss Ridlon says she couldn't get along without Ruth. She takes care of all the 3 P. M. sessions and help-classes, and enjoys it immensely. Before she accepted Miss Ridlon's offer, she specialized in 'Bug' ology at Congamond Lakes, where there are so many specimens, but she says she likes teaching History much better.

"Evelyn, when you go back home, you ought to stop in and see Gladys Smith. She is telegraph operator at the Westfield railroad station. After studying telegraphy for a number of years, she obtained a position as operator in the West. She was so homesick she couldn't stand it longer than two years, and finally succeeded in getting this place, but when she came back Westfield had grown so it didn't look like Westfield any more, and she feels almost as badly as before.

"Say, did you know we had an author in our class?" Melba then produced a neat, little leather-bound volume and I read in gilt letters, Nelson's Legends in Prose and Poetry. It really took my breath away. I thought Hazel was joking when she started to write poetry in high school.

"Here is something else that will surprise you, too", Melba continued. "One of our classmates is a demonstrator for Aunt Jemima's Pan Cake Flour; goes around to all the pure food exhibits and that sort of thing. You will never guess so I will tell you. It's Leah Sime. I heard and saw her demonstration at one of the Westfield Pure Food Shows and none of the others could hold a candle to her."

"Well, I'm certainly glad to hear of her success. Why, Melba! we're in Springfield. Good-by", I said hurriedly. "I'm going to try and catch the next train to Westfield."

Left alone I gazed about in bewilderment. I could not find the Westfield track and, finally giving it up as a bad job, made my way to the information window. The place appeared to be vacant, and I stood waiting and watching the hurrying crowds when a quiet, low voice aroused me. "Did you want something?" I turned as quickly as a flash and looked at the young man opposite me.

"Hello, 'Bill' McGrath!", I exclaimed. "Can you tell me when the next train goes to Westfield and on what track it is?"

"Sure", he returned. "In fifteen minutes, and the first track you see", he added smiling. "I know my business to the letter. I ought to anyway. I've been behind these bars for four years now and wouldn't come out if I had to. I've tried the information-desk in a good many stations, but I like Springfield the best of all. Are you going home for the two hundred and seventy-fifth? I saw the 'Judge' about ten minutes ago. He said he couldn't stay away from Westfield. He's judge in the superior court here, you know."

"Maybe I'll know," I answered laughing, "if you'll please tell me who was nicknamed 'Judge' in our class."

"Why, don't you know? Bernard Roache has been 'Judge' ever since he entered High. Say, there is your train. You'll have to hurry or you won't make it", he added.

I did have to hurry but I finally got the train. When I had settled myself comfortably and regained my breath, I took out the list of 1919 that I had made after I met "Tim" Devine in France. I worked industriously crossing out the names of those I had seen and heard from, since that time. Five out of the forty-two in our class were still left.

My attention was suddenly attracted by some mix up in the front of the car. The car was nearly empty so I moved forward to get a better view. As the gentleman stooped, I saw the whole cause of the trouble. His wife's pet poodle had twisted his strap around her feet making her helpless, and then started to play with his master. Quickly smothering a shriek of laughter, I offered my help. I assisted the couple out of their difficulty and cast sidelong glances at the plump young woman, with the deep dimple in her chin and the large shell-rimmed glasses.

"Very glad to be of service, Madame Dorotha", I said in mock seriousness.

At the sound of my voice her face became all smiles. "Why, I'm awfully glad to see you. I didn't know you. Let me introduce you to my husband."

"Westfield! Westfield", shouted the conductor.

"Good-by," I called back over my shoulder, "sorry we didn't meet before."

In the confusion of getting off the train, I ran straight into somebody, started to murmur apologies and hurry on, when I was almost smothered by a little "shorty" rushing at me like a whirlwind.

"Oh, 'Eve'! I'm so glad to see you."

Then I came to my senses. "Well 'Al' Keefe, where did you drop from? The skies? Maybe I'm not glad to see you! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, never mind", she returned. "Come on down to my house tonight and talk over old times."

"Now tell me, 'Al'," I said, "about everybody. There are just three people, who belong to 1919, besides yourself that I haven't heard about or seen, Irene Miller, Dorothy Hubbard and Helen Burke. Oh, by the way, could you possibly tell me whom 'Dot' Rice married? I met her as I was getting off the train."

"Why, I don't remember his name", said Alice thoughtfully. "She taught school until she was married. I think he used to be a yeoman from Connecticut, but later established himself as a railroad financier.

"That will have to suffice you for 'Dot' ", she added. "I've gleaned all the news I possibly could since I've been here, and that's only two days. Irene Miller is running Mr. White's business for him. You know she used to work there when she went to High. Mr. White says she is the best person for that position he ever had, and the business increases every day.

"I have heard about Helen Burke, too. She is teaching Shorthand and Typewriting at Bay Path. She says she likes the work except when they have visitors, and that's four days out of five, but she thinks she will get used to them."

"Good for Helen", I murmured. "She is plucky! Oh, say 'Al', how about 'Dot' Hubbard?"

"Oh, 'Dot' is about the same. She assists her father in his business and helps to keep the cash register from overflowing."

"Pretty easy for Dorothy," I said smiling, "and I'll bet she can cut a slice off her thumb just as well now as she could when she went to school."

"Yes", returned Alice. "She taught school for a year, but her father couldn't spare her so she has stayed with him ever since."

"Well, you've relieved my mind", I said with a sigh. "I've been wondering what 1919 was doing. Now for the last surprise. How have you been whiling away the time these twenty-five years?"

"Oh, I've started in something new", chattered Alice much excited. "You know I began by teaching school. Well, I kept going higher and higher, like a yeast cake, until I am now Principal of a girls' private academy at Cambridge. And as a side line, well—listen to this.

'A new artist lights the horizon. Hidden away in the farthest end of the dormitory of the Girls' Academy at Cambridge is the designer of the picturesque and wholly original covers of some of the recent magazines.' "

"Well, you're the limit!", I exclaimed. "That's the last thing I thought of."

"Oh, well," returned Alice gleefully, "you can't always tell."

"Come," I cried, "let's you and me give a toast and three cheers for the class of 1919 and its future success!"

ALICE EVELYN COE

CLASS DAY NOTES

PROPHECY ON THE PROPHETESS

"GRANDMA," said Helen suddenly, as we were gathered around the fire one evening in vacation, "guess what news I have for you. You have often heard me speak of Katherine Madison and I've told her much about you. Well, she said that her Grandmother used to live in Westfield, Massachusetts, and that she graduated from the high school there the same year that you did, 1919."

"What! a classmate of mine! Why, who can it be? I have lost track of the most of them, even those whom I knew best. Tell me, do you know her name?"

"Yes, it's—let's see, Cole or Cowles, something like that. That's it, Evelyn Cole. Did you know her, Grandma?"

"Cole? You must mean Evelyn Coe. Did I know her? Well, I should say I did. She was one of my best friends in high school days, but it's many years since I have heard from her." I grew suddenly thoughtful, trying to recall the years following graduation. How few of us there were left! So quickly did we separate that soon none knew where the others were; even one's best friends had scattered.

"Tell me about her, Grandma", said Helen, interrupting my thoughts. "It's a long time since you told me stories of your school days. How did you happen to lose all track of her like this?"

"I don't know. For years we corresponded and saw each other often, but we slowly drifted apart.

"After graduation, Evelyn took a position as stenographer in the office of Lincoln, Crane & Co., a concern which had won great fame by manufacturing a most potent rat poison. However, the company soon failed because the poison ceased to be effective, and Evelyn had to look for another position. In Springfield she worked but a short time before she had bankers, lawyers, and manufacturers at her feet, each begging and beseeching her to accept a position in his employ. However, Evelyn soon tired of this life. 'It's so unromantic', she used to complain.

"Her first step into romance came when she set out to tour the continent. While there she became a telegraph operator in Paris. She acquired world-wide fame by upsetting a plot to blow up L'Hôtel de Ville. Soon after she returned to America, the Sunday supplements were filled with her photographs and long columns narrating her ex-

periences. Photographs of a French Count appeared in company with hers. The poor Count had persisted for two years, but had received no encouragement. He had not given up however, and followed her to America in a vain hope, and although fond mothers with eligible daughters waited expectantly, Evelyn was plainly irritated.

" 'What do I want of a Count tagging along at my heels wherever I go?', she would reply to all remonstrances. 'But, Evelyn, it's so romantic', her friends used to argue. 'Well, if that's romance, I'm through', she responded with a bit of schoolday spunk. Straightway she threw herself into the Woman Suffrage campaign. She spoke in all parts of the country holding her audiences spellbound, and converting thousands to the cause. It was with the help of her untiring effort and persistence that Woman Suffrage was finally an accomplished fact.

"Her friends begged her to enter the political field, but a simpler life appealed to Evelyn and she was soon lost to the public eye.

"I gradually lost track of her, until now I don't even know where she lives. I've heard nothing of her since her marriage to a young mining engineer whom she met while traveling in the West."

"I know where she is,Grandma", said Helen, as I paused. "Katherine said that a few years ago her Grandmother, (that's Evelyn, you know), inherited a find old estate here in California and they have lived there ever since."

"Why, I'm glad to hear that, Helen. She is not so far away as I thought. We must surely have her visit us as soon as possible."

"Won't I have great news for Katherine!", exclaimed Helen, as she ran to answer the doorbell.

"And to think that she was right in this State all this time", I murmured. " 'Tis a small world after all."

ALICE FRANCES KEEFE

BUSINESS COURSE

HISTORY

WITH great hopes, great ambitions, we, the class of 1919, began our high school career. In this exultant frame of mind we entered the well-known brick building in which we were destined to spend some of the happiest years of our lives. It was on a bright September morning in 1916 that we stepped within its portals and gazed up and down the corridors, surprise and fear written on each countenance. We were not left long to ourselves, however, for teachers and senior pupils soon guided us to the room of the Freshman Business Course.

In a short time we became acquainted with our teachers, and accustomed to our rooms and surroundings. Soon the routine of studies and recitations was firmly fixed in mind. The first important event of the year was a class meeting at which a committee was chosen to draft a constitution, and officers were elected.

Very early in the year many were invited to *afternoon tea* at the early hour of three. Before the year was far advanced, every member of the class had received an urgent invitation to attend this function which, unlike most social gatherings, occurs every school day.

Thus the days followed one another regularly with little thought of the strife and turmoil of the war that was so soon to be our *only* thought. On that memorable morning, April 6, 1917, Our Country entered the great conflict which was then menacing the World. This war, of the greatest historic importance, will always be stamped on our memories as the chief event of our Freshman year.

With June came the very welcome vacation. In the fall of the same year we again asembled in the Westfield High School. This time, instead of waiting for directions as we had a year ago, we hastened to room 16. Now we were Juniors. At once we began to work even more industriously than we had during our Freshman year.

War was the topic of the hour. The hardships and the sufferings of our boys in the service were the main thoughts in our minds throughout the year. Not even a sleigh ride or the formal Junior-Senior could make us for one moment forget the sacrifice they were making in our behalf.

In keeping with our patriotism, the girls formed a knitting club. All were willing workers. During this year the purchase of Thrift Stamps claimed our attention and we, as Juniors, tried earnestly to do our "bit."

Only too quickly passed the second year of our high school life. The following fall we gladly returned and sought with eagerness seats in room 15. We were now dignified Seniors, and the goal of our ambition seemed just ahead.

Scarcely had we become accustomed to the routine of school work, when an epidemic of Influenza broke out, which made it necessary to close the school for an enforced vacation of six weeks. Night after night we anxiously scanned the newspapers for the long list of assignments in the different subjects. On November 11 the school was reopened.

Early in December a special meeting was held to discuss the purchase of a class pin. At this meeting the class voted to adopt the school seal as a model, and a committee was chosen to interview the different jewelers with regard to prices. Some weeks later the pins were received. It was very noticeable that each one immediately fastened his in a conspicuous place.

In January a committee of five from the Academic and the Commercial Courses was empowered to publish the Gammadion.

The honor of declaiming before the entire school was another feature of our Senior year.

In the early part of February we received an invitation from the Junior Academic Course to attend the Junior-Senior reception. This courtesy was appreciated, and the members of the class embraced the opportunity to spend a most enjoyable evening.

Now we have just finished the fun and frolic of class day. For the past few weeks the general topic of conversation has centered about the play and the festivities of the evening. Graduation has a more serious significance. On that day we are to receive the diplomas for which we have worked faithfully. There is also a feeling of sadness when we realize that our school days are almost ended. As we fight life's battles, we shall always remember those who have given us wise counsel and have guided us "Through Difficulties to Victory."

GLADYS LIBBIE POMERANTZ

PEN PICTURES

LITTLE did you, class of 1919, realize the task placed upon our shoulders when we were chosen to portray its members as we have seen them during the past years. Indeed, the burden has been so great that our hair is already turning gray. Nevertheless, we have made an attempt, and now place before your critical eyes the results of our efforts à la Colomba.

First we mention Harry,——and wonder why he could never "git" up——in time to be in his seat——before eight-twenty-nine.——Possibly the answer may be found——in Frances and "blue-eyed" Susan,——shy (?) girls, who are afraid of the boys.——We wonder why the drinking fountain,——opposite room 33,——was a favorite trysting place.——Frank was never happier——than when surrounded by a group of girls,——who listened (?) with great interest——to tales of his prowess.——Next we hear the buzzing of two "B's",——Helen and Florence.——The former was always busy——with Law; the latter, with Helen.——Another girl devoted to her studies——was "Marge" Durkin.——She always spent two hours each day——on her beloved Bookkeeping.——We will now speak of "little Willie"——who came from Wyben,——sometimes with Gertrude.——We wonder why on these mornings——"Willie" was so cheerful.——Mary, Helena and Stacia——could always be seen——in room 12 at 1:30.——Why did you loiter, girls?——Why didn't you take the machines home?——Another industrious girl——found the typewriting room interesting. ——She was sometimes accompanied——by Frank who was willing to help——Beatrice especially.——Ah, "Truck!" Your bright smile ——haunts us still. You have always been——an obliging lad even when asked——to return to room 8.——Our treasurer now needs our attention.——Gladys was always extremely fussed——whenever report cards were given out.——Maybe hers was decorated.——Our prophetess, "Dot" Hammond,——was very ambitious.——She liked (?) Law so well——that she planned to teach it.——Ellen never failed to prepare her lessons.——For a pastime she attended all school games, ——and "rooted" enthusiastically for Tom.——Next comes Stephen, a fair-haired youth,——who always was absent——when his lessons were unprepared.——He enjoyed making up back work,——especially English and Law.——If anyone ever prepared her Law,——it was Anna Ryan,——thanks to big brother Hugh.——Here is Alice, a wizard in Shorthand.——There is a rumor that she may become—— an experienced stenographer.——if Stephen doesn't dictate otherwise. ——Two quiet maids were Ruth and Eva.——Their motto evidently was——"Be seen, not heard."——On the contrary, Jennie and Pearl ——entertained us by chattering at recess.——The echoes are still resounding!——In a front seat sat Grace,——who proved herself a

model housekeeper——by her care of the floor around the wastebasket. ——Maybe she was planning——to keep house for someone.——Who knows?——Thomas V. was a pleasant young man——who had a patent smile for his friends.——Where can we get one, Tom?——Last comes one of the "unfortunates",——Doris. Her motto was "Wait and hope";——her ambition, to rival James Montgomery Flagg.—— The other "unfortunate" is Hugh.——He always kept a bountiful supply——of paper in the desk behind him,——when reminded it was needed there.

Thus ends our task. We hope that no one has taken offense at our nonsense. All we can say is, "If the coat fits, put it on." Otherwise cherish no ill feelings, as this is all in jest.

DORIS REED WYMAN
HUGH AUGUSTUS LAMB

PROPHECY

ONE day, a short time before graduation, I lay listlessly back in my armchair attempting to read a book, but somehow I seemed to have lost interest in its contents and soon my thoughts wandered to my classmates and to what the future held in store for them. Suddenly, from the open pages of my book sprang a little fairy clothed in a robe like the clouds at sunset. My surprise held me spellbound. Presently, in a voice that sounded like the tinkling of magic bells, she said, "I have been sent from fairyland to waft you into the land of the future."

I was walking down a lonely country road. As I was passing a neat little farmhouse, the front door opened and three maidens, whom I instantly recognized as Pearl Emerson, Frances Wood and Marguerite Durkin, came running down the path, each carrying in her arms a small puppy. "Lucky dogs!" I heard someone behind me exclaim and, turning quickly, I was startled and surprised for there, leaning dejectedly against the fence, stood none other than "Truck" Gibbons, wistfulness written in every line of his rather plump countenance. I soon learned that these girls had founded a home for stray dogs and cats and that "Truck" was their man of all work.

"What has become of your friend, Harry Saffer?" I asked, when with an effort he turned from gazing at the three girls. With his characteristic grin, he informed me that Harry was devoting his time to the sale of soap, and to bluffing people into believing that "Git" was absolutely the only dirt cleanser on the market. I was not surprised to hear this for well did I remember certain memorable occasions in past years on which Harry had employed his bluffing powers to advantage. "Truck" also informed me that Stephen Palmer had made himself famous as I. M. Wise, the sleight-of-hand trickster.

I continued my journey and soon came to a little red schoolhouse by the roadside. Through the open window came the unmistakable sound of a child's wails. I hastened to investigate the cause. Creeping cautiously towards the building, I peered through the window to see the teacher, none other than Grace Ferriter, in the act of chastising one of her unruly pupils. From the number of birch rods that hung on the wall, it could plainly be seen that Grace ruled with a high hand and was a firm believer in the well-known saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Fearful lest our gentle (?) Grace might be embarrassed should she learn of my presence, I departed as quickly and as cautiously as I had come.

Just outside the next town, I came upon a crowd of people congregated in front of what was evidently a motion picture studio. My curiosity aroused, I, too, joined the company. I asked a woman who stood beside me what they were waiting for, and, looking at me in amazement, she replied, "Why don't you know that Lillie White, the famous movie queen, will soon emerge from the studio and pass us on her way to her car?" Sure enough, the front entrance opened and Lillie White came slowly down the walk with the majestic tread of a queen. She was about to enter her limousine when she spied me. Before I knew what had happened, I found myself seated beside her. Then I recognized my classmate, Eva Carlson.

She said that she was going to the theater to see Macbeth and invited me to accompany her. She had traveled extensively and had met many of our classmates. William Russell, she said, had been employed in the cultivation of "rice" in South Carolina where he had amassed a small fortune. He had then returned to woo the real "Rice" who was a famous prima donna appearing six nights a week at the Metropolitan Opera House, in the role of Carmen.

Alice Redmond had entered a hospital in New York as a nurse, where she remained but a short time after a certain doctor appeared on the scene for

"When on each other their eyes did alight,
Each knew without question 'twas love at first sight."

After her marriage, she had settled down to the faithful performance of her domestic duties.

Susie Hawkins had obtained a position as a packer in a candy factory, but her fondness for sweets had proved disastrous for, as she was fully capable of eating twice as much candy in a day as she could pack, the boss had kindly but firmly informed her that her services were no longer required.

Suddenly we were interrupted by the sound of distant music coming nearer and nearer. Soon we saw a band followed by a long parade of suffragettes. What was our surprise to discover, on closer observation, that the leader was Ruth Sundberg. Well, well, it was incredible. Never, not even in my wildest flights of imagination, had I dreamed of this.

We finally arrived at our destination, the theater, and with little difficulty found our seats. Macbeth was played well and Doris Wyman as Lady Macbeth won many laurels. After the performance I went be-

hind the stage to interview Doris and found that the change in her appearance that I had noted was really due to paint, powder and a wig, the usual make-up of all actors. The language used in Shakespeare's plays had become more familiar to her than any other, for when the stage director, whom I discovered to be Frank D'Alessio, came up to inquire about the stage settings, she said to me in an undertone, "Now, by two-headed Janus, Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time." Frank was able to tell me that Thomas Sheehan was on the road selling Tinkham's Throat Ease, guaranteed to cure any cough.

After bidding farewell to Doris and Frank, I entered a large clothing store in one section of which dresses were displayed. What was my surprise to see Ellen Long, as one of the models, gowned in a beautiful silk robe, come gliding gracefully down the aisle. I was, indeed, delighted to know that Ellen had at last attained her heart's desire, to earn money with the least possible exertion.

She informed me that Gladys Pomerantz had met with success in her chosen profession, that of stenographer. Indeed, I could not wonder at this, for well did I remember the ability with which Gladys had skipped lightly over her shorthand notes.

I learned further that another member of the class had been unable to resist the glare of the footlights. Although Gertrude Ferris had begun her stage career as a comedian, she had at last reached the pinnacle of success as a member of the Ziegfield Follies.

Beatrice Plourd's path, since leaving school, had been strewn with roses, for the fates had destined her to be a social butterfly.

Later, as I was walking aimlessly down the street, I suddenly became aware of a very stout woman walking along in front of me and talking incessantly to a fat poodle dog. The absurdity of this scene was too much for me and I laughed outright, whereat the woman turned to bestow upon me an indignant stare. This changed almost instantly, however, to a smile of recognition for, although greatly changed, it was Helen Bergman. She told me that she was an instructor in a large gymnasium in town. I inquired for Anna Ryan and Florence Brew. Both, she said, had met with unusual success; Anna having become the matron of an orphan asylum and Florence, a missionary in China.

After bidding a fond farewell to Helen, I discovered, somewhat to my surprise, that I was hungry. A small tea-room called Ye Old Maid's Tavern attracted my attention and I entered. One of the waitresses proved to be Mary Stipek, and the owner, Stacia Kissel. "Do you know where Helena Samborski is?" I asked her.

"Yes," she replied, "she owns a small beauty parlor in New York patronized exclusively by the most fashionable women of that city."

Suddenly I felt a desire to return home so I hailed a taxi-cab to take me to the station. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that the driver was Hugh Lamb. We were rolling smoothly along the asphalt pavement when suddenly there came a terrific crash like the report of a cannon. A dizzying sensation swept over me. I felt that I was sinking. Awaking with a start, I found that my book had fallen with a crash to the floor.

DOROTHY EMELINE HAMMOND

PROPHECY ON THE PROPHETESS

THE other night as I came out of the Strand Theater with my chum, "Truck," we felt, as usual, a craving for something to eat. "Truck" immediately suggested that we go to the lunchroom around the corner. Here we met a few of our friends and, boy like, challenged the others to an apple pie contest. Needless to say, "Truck" won. That night I paid the penalty of taking part in the contest for I dreamed of pie, pie, pie, and wild, weird, horrible fantasies surged through my brain. It seemed as if one piece of this appetizing pastry was larger in appearance than the others. I was horrified at the thought of being obliged to eat it. I looked at it closely. Gradually it took form, a face came before me and I recognized the features of our demure little prophetess, Dorothy E. Hammond. I dreamed on. In my visions the entire future of this fair maid was revealed.

After graduation she obtained employment in a lawyer's office as an expert stenographer at a salary of $8.30 per week. Here she labored for three years, performing her routine duties faithfully and well. Then, one day a fine looking gentleman with curly black hair, and a complexion as dark as the shadows of night, entered the office. Mr. George Washington Lincoln White wished to see the lawyer on a suit involving many thousands of dollars. Dorothy's sympathy was aroused, and, as a result of the interview, she fell deeply in love with this fine looking man. This feeling was mutual, for the day after Mr. White won his case, there was an article in a daily paper announcing the marriage of Miss Dorothy E. Hammond to the very wealthy Mr. George Washington Lincoln White.

City life appealed to the happy couple. They went to New York where for five years they attended all the great plays and dances, and became, in the course of time, well known at these places. Mrs. White did not abandon her literary efforts, however, and during her spare moments she found time to compile a few books of note on such subjects as How to Typewrite without Touching the Keys and The Psychological Development of the Theory of Business.

Just as Mrs. White was becoming renowned, a great calamity befell the happy couple. Mr. White contracted a severe cold. The remedy prescribed was cough syrup, but a bottle of liniment which his wife used for her pet cat, afflicted with rheumatism, stood near by, and by mistake he swallowed a portion of this. The poison did not take effect for several hours. Then Mr. White died a most tragic death.

The sorrowing widow then decided to travel extensively, trusting, thereby, to drown her grief. For three years she journeyed from country to country. While in Berlin, matrimonial life again appealed to her, for, by this time, she had quite forgotten her late husband. Through a common acquaintance she was introduced to a curly-haired Baron. He had acquired wealth by perfecting and manufacturing a perfume. Within three weeks she married this wonderful inventor and became Baroness Schennderhaussen. As a marriage gift her husband presented her with a palace in Africa on the Ou La La River, where she preferred to live the most of the time. Many happy days were spent in the companionship of her husband in this castle. They were not all happy days, however, for on one occasion, while out walking, her seven children were captured and eaten by a roving band of cannibals. The Baroness, broken in spirit, left her beautiful castle and, accompanied by the Baron, returned to Berlin. I was just about to visit her in this home when my alarm clock sounded its customary warning. My dream was ended.

HARRY SAFFER

BE IT REMEMBERED that we, the class of 1919, of the Westfield High School, Westfield, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

After the payment of our just debts, we give, devise, and bequeath as follows:

First: To our principal and teachers, we give, devise, and bequeath our thanks for their guidance and patience during the past four years.

Second: To the class of 1920, we give, devise, and bequeath the honor of occupying our seats in the assembly hall and in rooms 4 and 15, on condition that they maintain the dignity expected of Seniors in the Westfield High School.

Third: To the members of the above-mentioned class, we give, devise, and bequeath the pleasure of declaiming at General Exercises that they may display their oratorical abilities.

Fourth: To future Freshmen, we give, devise, and bequeath rooms 3, 8, 9, 18 and 31, provided that they do not use their wits to amuse others during class time.

Fifth: To future classes, we give, devise, and bequeath the dressing rooms which are not intended to be used for social gatherings.

Sixth: To future classes, we also give, devise, and bequeath our fine athletic record provided they do nothing to mar it.

Seventh: To those who place play before work, we give, devise, and bequeath an hour's enjoyment (?) in room 8 at 3 P. M.

Eighth: To the hungry and to the thirsty, we give, devise, and bequeath the lunch counter and the ever-flowing fountains.

Ninth: To those who have blunt pencils, we give, devise, and bequeath the pencil sharpeners which we have found useful as well as ornamental.

Tenth: To those of studious habits, we give, devise, and bequeath the school library.

Eleventh: To those who like to while away their idle moments, we give, devise, and bequeath the reading room.

Lastly: To members of the school who aspire to literary distinction, we give, devise, and bequeath the privilege and the honor of contributing to the pages of the High School Herald.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we, the class of 1919, hereunto set our hands and seal this 23rd day of June in the year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred Nineteen.

Class of 1919,
BY DORIS REED WYMAN

Signed, sealed, and declared by the class of 1919 as their last will and testament in the presence of us, who at their request and in their presence subscribe our names as witnesses thereto.

WESTFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
HONOR MON HONORES
1855

CARL R. BOWERS, President of 1920
CHARLES B. ORTH, President of 1920
JOSEPH B. NICHOLS, President of 1922
HELEN M. BIKE, President of 1922

CLASS SONG

Helen Stevenson Gordon

CLASS SONG

IN the dawning of our nation,
With courage firm and dauntless faith,
A band of pilgrims strong,
Pressed fearlessly along.

Refrain

In the crimson glow of sunset,
As they saw the first star shine,
They found the strength to settle here
In sixteen sixty-nine.

As we leave our childhood pathways
To tread the road of life,
Their faith and their devotion true
Will lead us in the strife.

Refrain

In the crimson glow of sunset,
In the white of the first star's gleam,
We find the steadfast faith to strive
For right, nineteen nineteen.

MURIEL DORIS POTTER

HONOR PUPILS

ASSOCIATION
PRIZE
1855

19
ORGANIZATIONS

GLEE CLUB

EDWARD R. HAWLEY — DIRECTOR
CLAIRE M. BREZEE — ACCOMPANIST

FIRST SOPRANOS

Ruth L. Bailey '20
Mildred H. Beals '20
Minnie C. Buschmann '20
Marjorie J. Ellis '21
Doris C. Griffin '20
Dorothy C. Hamer '19
Elizabeth Hyde '20
Josephine M. Kenyon '19
Ruth S. Lane '21
Hazel L. Nelson '19
Dorotha L. Rice '19
Jennie L. Rice '19
Priscilla A. Robinson '21
Mary I. Swayne '20
Ruth G. Taylor '19
Ruth E. Ungethuem '19

SECOND SOPRANOS

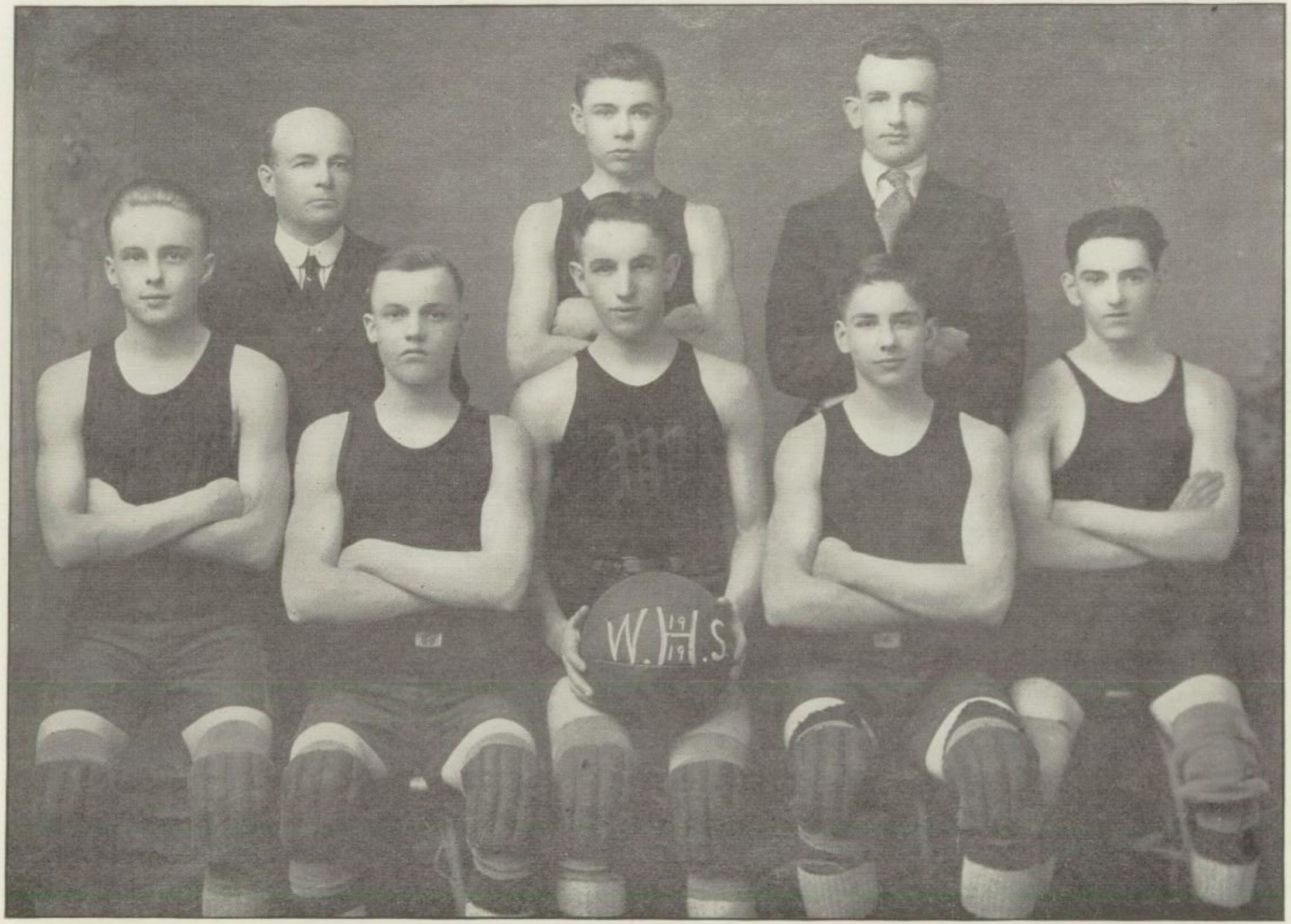
Julia M. Dreisow '20
Marguerite K. Durkin '19
Edith E. Fitzgerald '20
Eleanor Hedges '21
Dorothy W. Hubbard '19
Alice F. Keefe '19
Roberta M. Ring '21
Alma G. Steere '21
Eleanor S. Warren '21

ALTOS

Beatrice E. Abell '19
Avola M. Banks '20
Kathrina P. Emerson '19
Dorothy S. Horwood '20
Josephine E. Mallory '21
Rena W. Manning '20
Esther M. McCormick '20
Mary M. Reed '21
Hazel B. Sponagle '20
Ruth Watson '20

ORCHESTRA

Edward R. Hawley	*Director*
Claire M. Brezee	*Pianist*
Margaret L. Blanchard '20	*Violin*
Earl W. Fowler '20	*Violin*
Frances C. Greene '19	*Violin*
Joseph F. Holzingr '19	*Violin*
Harold S. Jensen '21	*Violin*
Andrew Pallo '20	*Violin*
Alfred R. Seher '20	*Violin*
Helen M. Storey '22	*Violin*
Lester A. Treat '22	*Violin*
Harry B. Sadik '19	*Cornet*
Lawrence F. Smith '21	*Cornet*
Jack L. Hall '21	*Clarinet*
Frederick W. Best '19	*Trombone*
Donald K. Watson '21	*Drum and Traps*


W.H.S
19
19

BASKETBALL

1918-1919

D. M. Cole	*Manager*
Richard C. Morrissey	*Assistant Manager*
Nicholas Depopolo	*Captain*

THE TEAM

John Pallo '19	*Left forward*
Edward L. Bike '20	*Right forward*
Nicholas Depopolo '19	*Center*
Edward A. Kane '19	*Right guard*
James F. Noonan '19	*Right guard*
David C. Little '20	*Left guard*

THE RECORD

W. H. S.	10	Hartford	50
W. H. S.	23	Alumni	19
W. H. S.	50	Clark	18
W. H. S.	39	Greenfield	19
W. H. S.	19	College Alumni	8
W. H. S.	37	Springfield Central Ind.	18
W. H. S.	22	Yonkers	23
W. H. S.	34	Northampton	17
W. H. S.	16	Holyoke	58
W. H. S.	30	Amherst	7
W. H. S.	34	Greenfield	12
W. H. S.	22	West Springfield	40
W. H. S.	17	Northampton	62
W. H. S.	26	West Springfield	24
W. H. S.	10	Holyoke	45
W. H. S.	51	Amherst	15
W. H. S.	47	Springfield Technical Ind.	18
W. H. S.	19	Deerfield	26
W. H. S.	30	Alumni	27
W. H. S.	49	Chicopee Independents	17
W. H. S.	24	Gloversville	30
		Totals	
W. H. S.	609	Opponents	553

WHS
WHS
WHS
WHS
WHS
WHS
WHS

BASEBALL

1919

D. M. COLE — *Manager*
JAMES F. NOONAN '19 — *Captain*

THE TEAM

NICHOLAS DEPOPOLO '19	*Pitcher*
RICHARD C. MORRISSEY '20	*Pitcher*
JAMES F. NOONAN '19	*Catcher*
THOMAS V. SHEEHAN '19	*First baseman*
EDWARD L. BIKE '20	*Second baseman*
NICHOLAS DEPOPOLO '19	*Third baseman*
FREDERICK S. BARTLETT '19	*Short stop*
ADOLPH W. SAMBORSKI '21	*Left fielder*
EDWARD A. KANE '19	*Center fielder*
JOHN PALLO '19	*Center fielder*
THOMAS E. GIBBONS '19	*Right fielder*

SUBSTITUTES

EDWARD E. ABELL '21
CARL R. BOWERS '20
JAMES H. DENMAN '20
FRANCIS H. LYNCH '20

RECORD

W. H. S. 1	Cathedral	8
W. H. S.	West Springfield	
W. H. S. 7	South Hadley	3
W. H. S.	Rosary	
W. H. S.	Northampton	
W. H. S.	Amherst	
W. H. S.	Chicopee	
W. H. S.	West Springfield	
W. H. S.	Rosary	
W. H. S.	Northampton	
W. H. S.	St. Jerome	
W. H. S.	South Hadley	
W. H. S.	Amherst	
W. H. S.	St. Jerome	
W. H. S.	Chicopee	
W. H. S.	Cathedral	
W. H. S.	Opponents	

Totals

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